Ser Vp.

Ro. Whither to supper.

Ser. To our house.

Ro. Whose house?

Ser. My Maisters.

Ro. Indeede I should haue askt you that before.

Ser. Now Ile tell you without asking. My Maister is the great rich *Capulet*, & if you be not of the house of *Mountagues*, I pray come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry.

Ben. At this same auncient feast of *Capulets*,
Sups the faire *Rosaline* whom thou so loues:
With all the admired beauties of *Verona*,
Goe thither and with vnattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall shew,
And I will make thee thinke thy swan a crow.

Ro. When the deuout religion of mine eye,
Maintaines such falshood, then turne teares to fire:
And these who often drownd, could neuer die,
Transparent Heretiques be burnt for liers.
One fairer then my loue? the all seeing Sun
Nere saw her match, since first the world begun.

Ben. Tut, you saw her faire none else being by,
Her selfe poysde with her selfe in eyther eye:
But in that Christall scales let there be waid,
Your Ladies loue against some other maid,
That I will shew you shining at this feast,
And she shall scant shew well that now shewes best.

Ro. Ile goe along no such sight to be showne,
But to reioyce in splendor of mine owne.

Enter Capulets *Wife and Nurse.*

Wife. Nurse wher's my daughter? call her forth to me.

Nurse, *Now by my maidenhead, at twelue yeare old I had her, come, what Lamb, what Lady-bird, God for bid, Where's this Girle? what* Iuliet.

Enter Iuliet.

Iuliet. How now who calls?

Nur. *Your mother.*

Iuli. Madam I am here, what is your

Wife. This is the matter. Nurse giu
talke in secret. Nurse come backe ag
me, thou'se heare our counsell. Thou
of a pretty age.

Nurse. *Faith I can tell her Age vnto*

Wife. Shees not fourteene.

Nurse. *Ile lay fourteene of my teeth, &*
I haue but foure, shees not fourteene.
How long is it now to Lammas tide?

Wife. A fortnight and odde dayes.

Nurse. *Euen or odd, of all daies in the y*
night shall she be fourteene. Susan *and she,*
were of an age. Well Susan *is with God, s*
as I said on Lammas *Eue at night shall sh*
shee marrie, I remember it well. Tis
eleuen yeares, and she was weand I neuer s
of the yeare vpon that day: for I had the
dug sitting in the Sunne vnder the Doue-
you were then at Mantua, *nay I doe beare*
when it did tast the worme-wood on the
felt it bitter, pretty foole, to see it teachie
Shake quoth the Doue-house, twas no need
and since that time it is a leuen yeares, for
nay bi'throode she could haue runne and w
the day before she brok- her brow, and ther
his soule, a was a merry man, tooke vp the
thou fall vpon thy face? thou wilt fall ba-k
wit, wilt thou not Iule? *And by my holy*
crying, and said I: to see now how a iest sh
and I shall liue a thousand yeares, I neuer
not Iule *quoth he' and pretty foole it stinte*

Old La. Inough of this, I pray thee

Nurse *Yes Madam, yet I cannot ch*
sh uld leaue crying and say I: and yet I wa
b mpe as big as a you g Cockrels stone? a p
bitterly. Y. a quoth my husband, falst vp

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